

A

# REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

---

Saturday, April 21. 1711.

---

I Am no Enthusiaſt, nor do I pretend to Encourage the Notions of People having the Gift of Prophesie ; but I cannot but think it ſomething odd, when peruſing a little Book which I found at Newcastle, as I came laſt up from Scotland, and is Sold but for two-pence — Entitl'd *British Visions, or Twelve new Propheſies for the Year 1711.* I found it expreſſly ſaid there in the Third Prophesie, viz. for the Month of March — That the Dauphin of France would die at that Time.

If the Author of thoſe Prophesies, or whatever we ſhall call them, is as right in other Things he has undertaken to Predict,

we ſhall have a Dreadful Summer all over Europe ; and tho' I have given as little heed to theſe Things as any Body, yet I could not but be a little ſtartled, when I heard, the Dauphin died the 13<sup>th</sup> of April, which is within two Days of the Month there foretold.

The Author of this Book, who calls himſelf by the late ſo much borrow'd Name of Isaac Bickerſtaſſ, is ſaid to be above 100 Year Old, and has ſaid many Strange Things in the World, but that I have nothing to do with ; in this not much known Book, he tells us, or rather foretells us, ſeveral Strange Things, which I muſt own I never gave

gave any head to, till this of the Death of the Dauphin came to pass — But since this has so directly fulfill'd his Prediction, I cannot but hint at the rest; that if such a kind of warraing to Mankind may be of any Signification, they may make what use of it they think fit.

1. He tells us, this Year shall be a Year of Wonders — That the dark Counsels of Men shall Embroil the World, and that in this Nation, the Heats and Animosities of Parties shall greatly Encourage our Enemies, and Discourage good Men — That Ecclesiastick Disputes shall Embroil this Island, and those Men who regard neither God nor Devil, shall make the greatest stir about Religion — pag. 5, 6.

2. He tells us in March, or his third Prophecie — That the Dauphin of France dies, the Pope shall be sick, and the War shall begin in Poland and Muscovy:

*I must own, I think, these two Predictions are Literally come to pass, which makes me take so much Notice of this little Tripping Book, and very strange it is.*

3. He tells us farther, Philip V. of Spain, and also King Ch — III. shall both die before their Quarrel is Decided — And leave their Game at Chess, to be play'd out by Posterity — He says, Philip before he dies, shall fight three Battles with the Confederates, and be Victor in two of them, but dies in May.

If this should be as true as what he has said already of the Dauphin — For my part, I shall not tell what to say of the Man — The Event must determine.

4. He tells us, The Swedes by Transporting Troops from Sweden to Pomerania, shall carry the Plague into Germany, and that from thence it shall spread into all the Corners of Europe, England not excepted.

5. He says positively, King Philip shall not Besiege, but shall Bombard Barcelona; but that Relief coming to King Charles, he shall Chase them again in his Turn.

6. He says positively, The Danes shall make another Attempt upon Schonen, and being Beaten as they were before, shall bring back Poverty and the Plague — Which shall make Havock, even in the Royal Family there.

7. He says, the Elector of Bavaria shall be restor'd to his Dominions by the Swede, but shall die of the Plague.

8. He says the King of Sweden shall, by May, be in full March, entering Poland, and perhaps Germany; but his Army consisting of many Nations, shall waste away without much Fighting.

He says, in short, so many strange Things, and the first are so strangely come to pass, that a Man would be almost tempted to say of him, That certainly, either he has dealt with the D—l, or the D—l has dealt very much with him — And indeed, if many more of his Positives should come to pass, as these have done — I shall not know what to say or think concerning him; mean Time, I must own — I am laying up these Things in my Heart, for they are very remarkable — .

Note — That since I wrote the above, I am told the Book is in Town, and the Publisher of this Paper desires me to say he has it to Sell.

Before I leave this odd kind of Book, give me leave to quote a very strange Paragraph in him; when he speaks of the Plague spreading in Europe, he has these Words, Prophecie 5, 6. for May and June.

' Now Europe begins to Tremble, the  
' People find Employment different  
' from the War, and the living have  
' Work enough to bury their Dead —  
' Shall Britain be free? Flatter not  
' your selves with Expectations of  
it;

it ; many Plagues Visit this Nation, and whole Parties of Men suffer the Infec<sup>t</sup>ion — All sorts of Men shall die, some Politickly, some Re<sup>ally</sup> ; the Grave makes no distinction of *Whig* or *Tory*, High or Low Church — Three Bishops go off the Stage first, Du<sup>s</sup>, Ea<sup>s</sup>, Bar<sup>s</sup>, and Privy Coun<sup>s</sup> follow ; a great Rot falls among the Court Sheep, and the Murrain upon the Stallions of this Sodomitic City — But the Shepherds flee, and leave their Flocks to be scatter'd — Yet for all these Terrors, Men shall not Repent or abate their Diversions, their Animosities, their Wars, and pursuit of Blood over the Earth.

If this is not a strange Fellow — You may all Judge, and if you read it, you will say so much more — I shall only add one Thing more, and leave this North Country Prophet, for they say he came out of the Hills in Scotland — And this one Thing is all the good he foretells, which really seems to promise also a fulfilling, viz. Plenty of Corn ; his Words are these.

Yet for the Encouragement and Support of the Poor, Heaven promises Plenty in the Fields, and there shall be no want of Bread — Food shall Increase, tho' not the Mouths that feed on it, and what the Sword or other Plagues shall Devour, shall leave Room for those that remain, to live with more Abundance — A Rich Plentifull Harvest in Britain, makes the Hearts of the Country glad — A great Increase and a good Market, revives our Commerce — But we have many Losses Abroad, and dreadful Diseases at Home, affecting the Bodies and Minds of the People.

I conclude my speaking of him, only with this, That he says, in August, a Terrible Battle shall be fought between the Turks and the Muscovites, in which, Vi-

ry mocks both Sides, both pretend to it — That the Turks lose most Men, yet are soonest in the Field again.

Enough of Prophecy ; God grant this new appearing Prophet may prove a Deceiver — But how he should foretell so exactly the Death of the Dauphin of France, is to me, I confess, unaccountable ; that Prince having never appear'd Sickly, Disorder'd, or in the least Danger — And as to being newly Publish'd — That I can disprove, for I have had one of the Books by me near six Months, from this Time — Others may think of it as they please — But if the rest of his Book should be true, they will find this hint of it much more Useful than they now imagine.

I confess, to me, the approaching Summer seems to Threaten us with uncommon Events ; the Eagerness of the Nations in the pursuit of the War, is Unaccountable ; the Distraction Universal, the Preparation Prodigious, the Numbers of Men that have Weapons put into their Hands to destroy one another with, innumerable — And the Temper of the World, at this Time, whether Abroad or at Home, seems to have something of Inveteracy and unusual Fermentation in it — No Inclination to Peace, no View of Accommodation, no desire of a Mediation of Breaches ; Heaven seems to have given Men up to National Frenzies, biting, devouring, and destroying one another — The healing Spirit of Charity, Love, Peace, and mutual Society, seems fled from the World ; Christians flee to Turks, to Engage them to fight against, and destroy Christians ; and such general Irreconcileable Animosities are spread over Europe, that it seems as if the latter Days were come, *Nation shall rise up against Nation*, and every Man's Hand is against his Neighbour, and where it will End, who knows ?

I cannot close this Review, without adding a Paragraph of a Letter I just now receiv'd out of the North, on the same Subject, and relating to this Book — The Words are these.

What

What think you now of the Book of Prophesies I gave you? I doubt not but you will be startled, when you hear of the Dauphin of France being Dead; which be positive-ly Names—But you will be more startled when I shall tell you, That in the Original Manuscrip, which I have by me, and shall shew you, if I live to see you in Scotland, it was also expressly said, the Emperor should die in the Month of April; but the Publishers fearing they might be brought into some Danger, refus'd to print that Paragraph— This I assure you, startles me very much, since we have Advice by this Post, that the

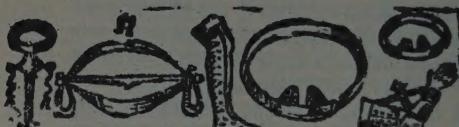
Emperor is Sick— And I am persuaded upon this Prophetic that he will die.

This is very odd also— The last Post bringing an Account that the Emperor is Dead— And the same Book says ex- prely;

*This year is fatal to Crown'd Heads.*

I shall say no more, I desire to lay no more Weight upon these Things than they will bear; but when Things of this Nature are foretold, and do actually come to pass, without doubt it makes more regard be given to them, than otherwise would be.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.



BARTLETT of Goodman's-Fields, who has been so successful in the Cure of Ruptures, by Steel Spring Trusses, with Joints or without, so wonderfully light and easie, that one of the largest Size, seldom exceeds 4 Ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce.

He is to be spoke with, the Forenoon every Day at his House, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot Street in Goodman's Field, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over against Cheapside Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. For Privacy, he will attend any Gentleman at any Place, near the Places and Hours above-mention'd. Those, who live

in the Country, may be supplied by sending Letters.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett liveth at his House abovesaid, and is very Skilful in the Business to those of her own Sex.

THE Carminative or Wind-expelling Loozenes; the prettiest and most delightful Medicine for that purpose in the World, are exceeding pleasant to taste, breaks away Wind pent up in the Stomach and Bowels, that cause sick Qualms, Dizziness in the Head, &c. One put into the Mouth in a Morning, keeps Wind out of the Stomach, and exceeds all the Cordial Drams whatsoever: They dispel Vapours, Stickings, Gripings, &c. rectifie the Digestion, cure Heart-burn, purifie the Blood, make the Head easie, and whole Body lightsome. Are Sold for 2 s. 6d. a Box with Directions. as the Golden Key in Warton's Court near, Holborn Bars.

(2)

Printed for and sold by John Baker at the Black Boy in  
Pater-Noster-Row. 1711.